Were red hotte steele to seare me to the braine,
Annointed let me be with deadly poyson,
And die, ere men can say, God saue the Queene.
Qu. Alas poore soule, I enuie not thy glorie,
To feede my humor, wish thy selfe no harme.
Dut. Glo. No, when he that is my husband now,
Came to me as *I* followed Henries course,
When scarce the blood was well washt from his hands,
Which issued from my other angell husband,
And that dead saint, which then *I* weeping followed,
O, when I say, *I* lookt on Richards face,
This was my wish, be thou quoth *I* accurst,
For making me so yong, so old a widow.
And when thou wedst, let sorrow haunt thy bed,
And be thy wife, if any be so badde
As miserable by the death of thee,
As thou hast made me by my deare Lords death,
Loe, euen I can repeate this curse againe,
Euen in so short a space, my womans heart
Crossly grew captiue to his hony words,
And prou'd the subiects of my own soules curse,
Which euer since hath kept my eyes from sleepe,
For neuer yet, one houre in his bed,
Haue I enioyed the golden deaw of sleepe,
But haue beene waked by his timerous dreames,
Besides, he hates me for my father Warwicke,
And will shortly be rid of me.
Qu. Alas poore soule, *I* pittie thy complaints.
Dut. Glo. No more thē from my soule *I* mourne for yours.
Qu. Farewell, thou wofull welcomer of glorie.
Dut. Glo. Adue poore soule, thou takst thy leaue of it.
Du. Yor. Go thou to Richmōd, & good fortun guide thee.
Go thou to Richard, and good *A*ngels guard thee,
Go thou to sanctuarie, good thoughts possesse thee.
I to my graue where peace and rest lie with me,
Eightie odde yeares of sorrow haue *I* seene,
And each houres ioy wrackt with a weeke of teene.

The

The Trumpets sound. Enter Richard crowned, Buckingham, Catesby, with other Nobles.

King. Stand all apart. Cosen of *B*uckingham,
Giue me thy hand: *Here he ascendeth his throne.*
Thus high by thy aduice
And thy assistance is king Richard seated:
*B*ut shall we weare these honors for a day?
Or shall they last, and we reioyce in them?
Buc Still liue they, and for euer may they last.
Kin. Ri. O Buckingham, now *I* do play the touch,
To trie if thou be currant gold in deed:
Yong Edward liues: thinke now what *I* would say.
Buc. Say on my gratious soueraigne.
Kin. Why Buckingham, I say *I* would be king.
Buc. Why so you are my thrice renowmed liege.
Kin. Ha: am *I* king? tis so, but Edward liues.
Buc. *T*rue noble Prince.
King. O bitter consequence,
That Edward stil should liue true noble Prince.
Cosen, thou wert not wont to be so dull:
Shall I be plaine? *I* wish the bastards dead,
And *I* would haue it suddenly performde.
What saist thou? speake suddenly, be briefe.
Buc. Your Grace may do your pleasure.
Kin. *T*ut, tut, thou art all yce, thy kindnesse freezeth,
Say, haue *I* thy consent that they shall die?
Buc. Giue me some breath, some little pause my *L*ord,
*B*efore I positiuely speake herein:
I wll resolue your Grace immediatly.
Cat. *T*he kihg is angry, see, he bites the lip.
King. I will conuerse with iron witted fooles,
And vnrespectiue boyes, none are for me
*T*hat looke into me with considerate eyes:
*B*oy, high reaching *B*uckingham growes circumspect.
Boy. *L*ord.
King. Knowst thou not any whoim corrupting gold

Would